

The Historie of

*Prin.* O my sweet beesse, I must still be good Angell to thee,  
the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and  
do it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee *Iacke* a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one  
that can steale wel? O, for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or ther  
about; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I  
praise them.

*Prince Bardoll.*

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,  
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*,  
Go, *Peto*, to horse for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

*Iacke* meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue,  
Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,  
And eyther they or we must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hofter*, my breakfast come  
Oh, I could wish this *Tauerne* were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Act 4.* Enter *Hotspur*, *Worcester* and *Dowglas*. Scene 1.

*Hot.* Well said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not though flattery,

Such attribution should the *Dowglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the king of honour,  
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,  
But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

Henry the fourth

*Hot.* Do so, and t'is well: Wh  
but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from

*Hot.* Letters from him? why

*Mess.* He cannot come, my L

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he the  
In such a iustling time? who lead

Vnder whose gouernment come

*Mess.* His letters beares his m

*War.* I prethee tell me, doth h

*Mess.* He did, my Lord, fou  
And at the time of my departure

He was much feard by his Phisic

*Wor.* I would the state of time

Ere he by sicknesse had bin visit

His health was neuer better wor

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now

The very life-bloud of our enter

T'is catching hither, euen to ou

He writes me here, that inward s

And that his friends by deputati

Could not so soone be drawne, n

To lay so dangerous and deare a

On any souler remou'd, but on h

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduerti

That with our small coniunction

To see how fortune is dispos'd t

For, as he writes, there is no qua

Because the king is certainly pe

Of all our purposes: what say y

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very l

And yet, in faith, it is not his pr

Seemes more then we shall find i

To set the exact wealth of all ou

All at one cast? to set so rich a m

On the nice hazzard of one dou

It were not good, for therein sho

H.